

Willow Springs, Mo.

June 25. 1922.

My dear old Sis:

You're just The best old sister to remember me and write me on Whiteantide, oh how you made me long to be with you and enjoy with you the lovely blossoms & flowers and have your company. I never wanted you and wanted to learn to know you in all my life as I do now I'm growing old. I often think of the large number of people I know owing to my railroading so long & meeting the public so much and still I never knew my own family how much I missed by not doing so I have often realized but never so much as I do now you are all

that is left to me, and I know I was  
a puzzle to all of you, but the early  
teaching, narrow & Puritanical as I often  
felt it to be bore fruit and kept  
me straight. I try to know you by  
your letters but to be with you and  
hear your sentiments on current topics  
would be so much better you are  
certainly broader & more liberal and  
charitable to others than your early  
teachings would lead me to expect &  
I'm so glad. For we really know so  
little, the fellow who is so sure he is  
right that every body else is sure wrong  
is often bigoted & dangerous. So I think  
it is best to be charitable towards the  
efforts of the other fellow who is trying  
to do right as he sees it. It reminds  
me of an old tramp who called on  
us one noon. He stood at the front  
gate & hollered, Hells! I went to the  
door and he said, "I want some  
dinner." I said "what do you do for

a living? He came back at me as quick as possible "I do like you, the best I can". His answer tickled me so I took him inside & filled him full to the chin. —

You remember sending me a few grains of wheat, it is just about ready to harvest after many narrow escapes of being lost. I carefully sowed it last fall & built a little fence around it to keep off any foraging hens, & that it safe, but in a few days we had a deluge of rain & when I went to see if it was washed away there it was in the middle of a little pond so I had to dig a drain & run off the water, soon after a Mole found it & plowed it up & down & I thought sure it would all die, but I pressed it down & put Lye in the runs to make Mr. Mole's feet sore. I lost about half the wheat plants but the rest grew & came thro'

The winter & stood out well this Spring  
it grew about 5 ft high and I guess  
There is about a hundred ears matured  
but now my birds are feeding on it & I'm  
afraid They will leave me little. I've so  
many birds, right by my chair on the porch  
a wren has her second family ready to fly  
& They take lots to eat. she wanted to feed  
them yesterday but Mamma & I & the dog were  
all sitting in the way so I said "Let us move  
so she can feed the little beggars." & Mamma  
laughed "what a man, to move for a bird"  
then I've two English Sparrows with a nest  
of hungry babies & half way up the garden  
there is a Blue birds nest she has it in  
a hole in a post I wish I could show  
it to you she is like the wren, uses the  
same nest every year. 3 or 4 years ago  
one of our cats climbed the post & put  
her paw in the hole & ate the young  
ones. That pronounced a verdict of  
banishment to Willow Springs for life for

The cat. Then there is a pair of Cardinals,  
has a home close by but I haven't  
found it. They are brilliant red, with a  
top knot on the male's head - abt the size  
of a Thrush, & lots more some bright  
yellow like a Canary. They like the wheat  
so well I tell Mama I'm going to sow  
them a little patch near the house this  
fall. Two English Sparrows help me in  
the garden by picking Colorado beetles off  
the potatoes. Then I've a dozen Lizards  
and one toad to help in the garden all  
good bug eaters. 2 Lizards are so tame  
they climb up my leg when I sit down  
to rest, one has had an accident some  
time & lost the end of his tail. I like  
to make pets of wild things I hardly ever  
kill anything but snakes, and I can't help  
killing them it seems, it sends a chill up  
a fellow's spine to put his hand in a  
dark hole just for eggs & touch a coiled snake



Sorry to hear Hubert's garden has such a hard time for lack of rain but we're just the same our last rain was May 4th we have had a little sprinkles since then but not enough to lay the dust or stop work. and I will copy our Thermometer record for you for the past week, Last Sunday

June 18. 100°

" 19. 96°

" 20. 90°

" 21. 99°

" 22. 102°

" 23. 103°

" 24. 105°

all in the coolest shade we can find so you can guess what it is in the blaze of the Sun. Crops are just about gone. we have little to show for our summer work meadows dried up. our lawn burned brown. & the forest is on fire every day. somewhere in sight we have to be watchful or we would be burned out.

Good bye - fond love. Hello! & good luck Hubert.

Uncle Sam.